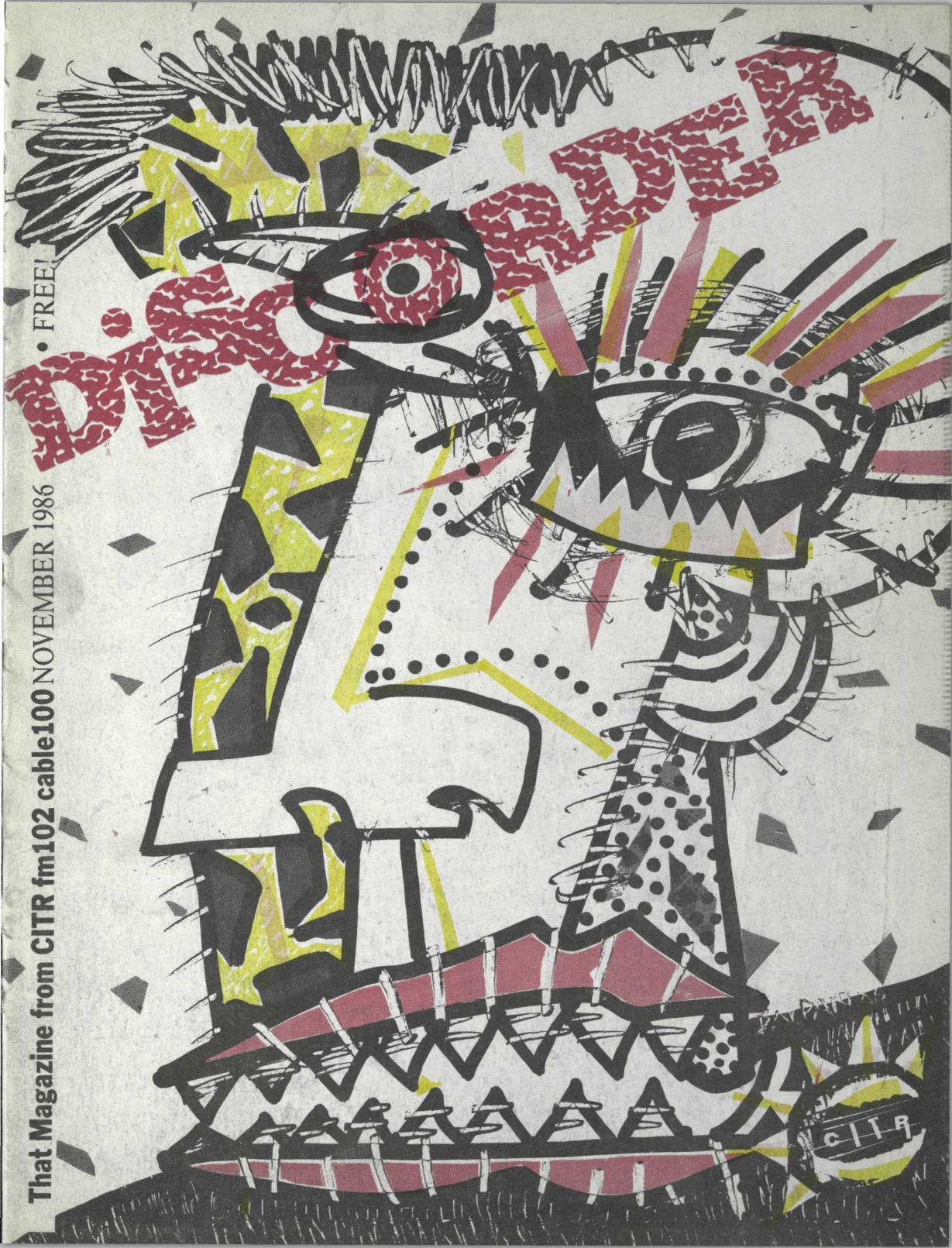


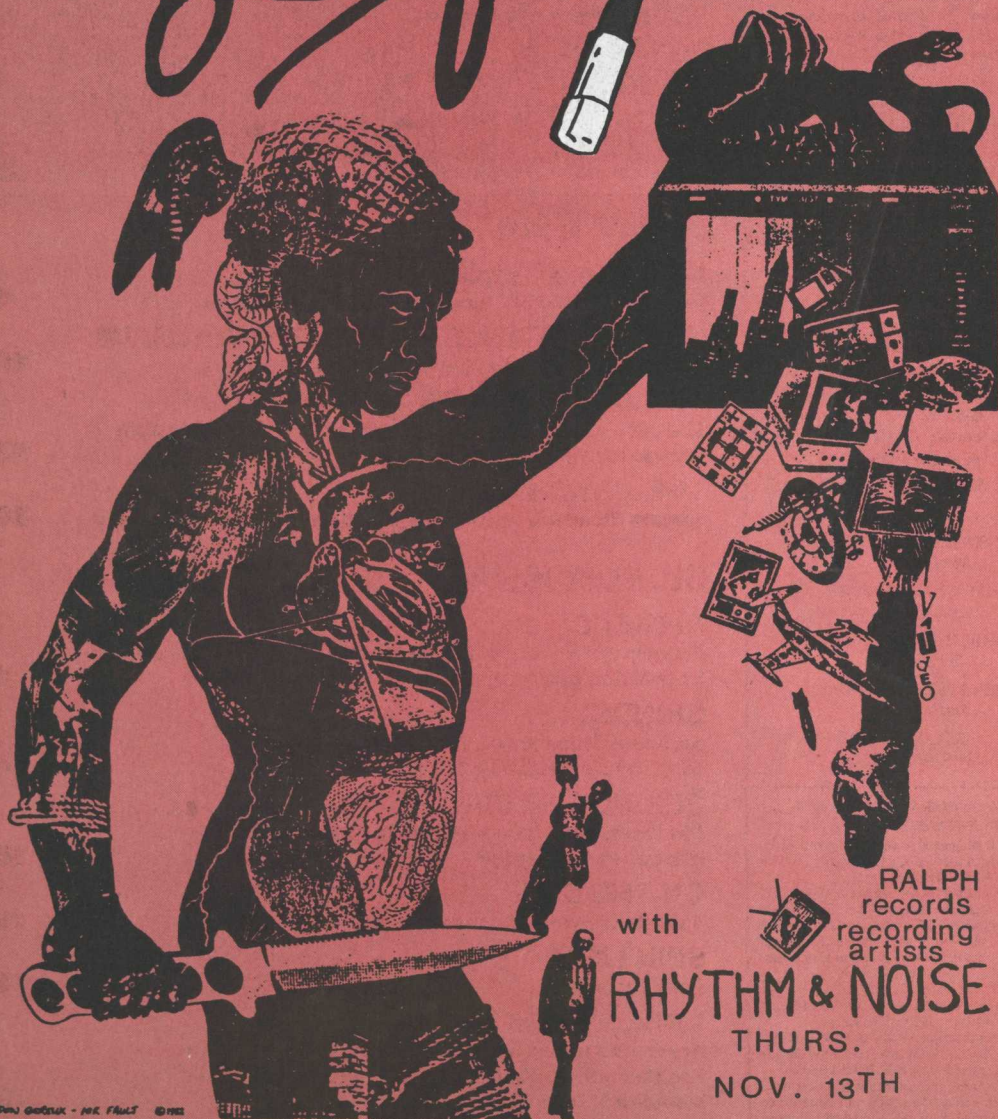
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That Magazine from CTR fm102 cable100

November 1986 • Vol. 4/No. 10

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Dear Airhead,

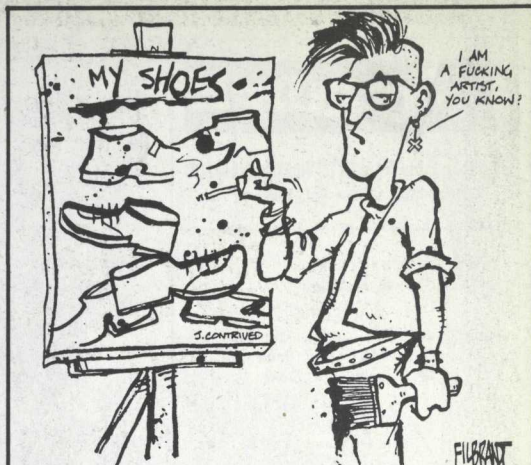
We realize that not all "rockers" are "ultra-violent," but it is a known fact that they've been (seen) beating on innocent people.

We'd like to pose a question to the "rockers"—why? Why do you feel it is your duty to punish those who do not share the same views as you?

We call upon those who feel also that these actions are ignorant and senseless, and commit some time to non-violence among the local youth. We feel this problem needs to be confronted and dealt with.

Gord Garbage
Jay Skull
Keith Krudd
Lifer Beachhead

Why? Indeed! A question posed through history by those groups and individuals oppressed because of the way they look, what they believe in, for whatever reason, by others who somehow feel it is their inexplicable right to enforce in their own warped minds what they think is the norm. If it is any consolation, history has proven these scum of the earth to be exactly that.



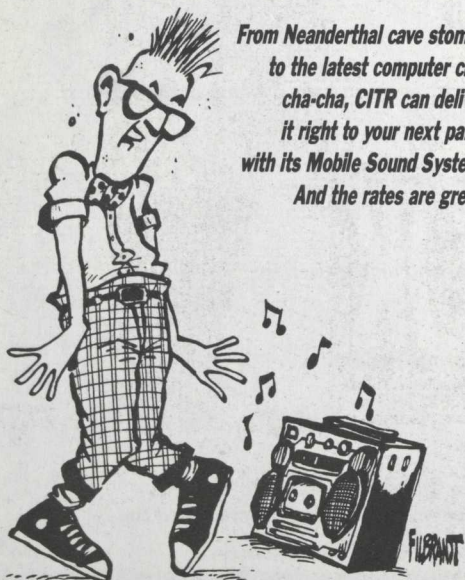
Art vs. Cheese

This cartoon is dedicated to Mr. R. Bucky (pseudo-intellectual, Jim Cummins' butt-boy) Fuller. I don't give a shit who this troll is but I thought he might like to see what I think of his pathetic opinion. I happen to like cheese!

Rod Filbrandt

Filbrandt, creator of "Wombat" and past Discorder covers, is responding to comments printed in October's Airhead column from R. Bucky Fuller (not to be confused with the late American architect), who claims that Discorder covers are "Cheesy, crayon-scribbled cartoons!" While Airhead does endeavour to promote a stimulating discourse on the finer points of fashion, art and music, we would rather see those self-appointed critics put their money where their mouths are. Discorder actively solicits contributions from our readers, whether they be cover designs, cartoons, art works, or feature articles. All inquiries should be directed to the Art Director or the Editor by post or telephone. Case closed.

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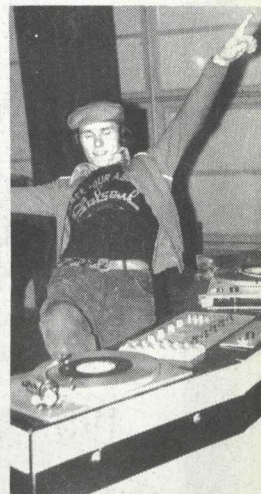
I'm looking for serious contact in Free World because my political situation here is tragic.

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Jan Pawul

41 - 709 Ruda Slaska 9
Skr - 2 POLAND

'Jan Pawul began as a disc jockey in 1969 in a small radio station in southwest Poland. With the start of disco in 1970 he signed a contract with a disco road show as their main disc jockey. Jan Pawul has had, and still as of today, maintains numerous international contacts with disc jockeys. He has been an honorary member of the National Association of Disco Disc Jockeys. He notes that he plays only American music, which gives the feel of 'a little bit of America in Poland,' he adds." (From a Jan Pawul press release.) What? No Salsoul Orchestra, Silver Convention, Barry White, or



Disco Tex in Poland! Does this disc jockey need help? You bet he does!

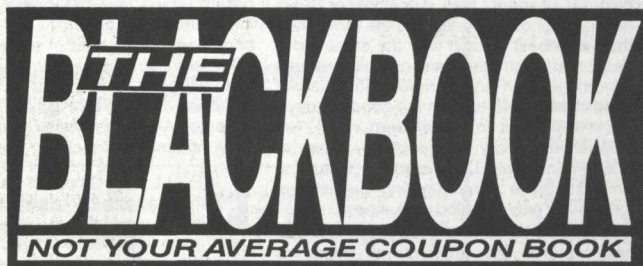
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photo John Sculley

GUADALCANAL DIARY

Life Is A Jamboree Kevin Smith Chews the Cud

SITTIN' AROUND THE CAMPFIRE ON a wistful summer's eve living one of life's early little adventures. No, not that one. The other one that involves some camaraderie, some hiking and some singalongs. *Kumbayah*. Kumbayah my lord, Kumbayah. With that one simple phrase, Guadalcanal Diary managed to make somewhat of a name for themselves. Learnt, along with *Jingle Bells*, *March of the Three Kings* and *Joy to the World*, only for a Christmas show they were playing, how could Murray, Rhett, John and Jeff know it would be their ticket to stardom. Okay, maybe not stardom, but a lot of interest was created by the traditional ditty *Kumbayah*. At that Christmas show, it was the singalong hit of the festivities. Something for everyone, singalong with Guadalcanal Diary or bow your head in embarrassment. Whatever, the ol' campfire never shook like this.

Funny thing about Guadalcanal Diary is this accusation of schizophrenia. Yes sir, that's what has been splattered 'round by some 'loose with the diagnosis' press types (probably took a couple college psych courses, but didn't actually go to any of the classes). Well now, I have made the acquaintance of the four young people who comprise the ensemble; and had the good fortune to see

and hear them live. Let me just say that no indications of mental illness were evident. Matter of fact, they were genuinely well-adjusted, likeable folks (for rock stars, that is). So what is this unfounded accusation of psychotic disorder all about? Well, it seems that Guadalcanal's songs don't all sound the same, have the same beat or deal with the same topic. Yeah, that's right, this band actually has variety, imagination and humour; stuff that we used to hold dear back in the good old days, but it's different in the modern world. No. Guadalcanal Diary are not bland, glossy or one-dimensional. Unfortunately, failure to possess these mind-numbing qualities of sameness gets equated with illness.

REM. The band from way down south that has captured the rock 'n' roll hopes of everyone and his brother, have had fellow Georgians Guadalcanal Diary opening up for them on their recent tour. A fitting situation for a band that has had to live with, and live down, the sometimes fatal REM comparison. The differences between the two outfits become very evident in concert. REM creates an atmosphere that on the best nights can totally envelop you, drawing you further and further inward. Guadalcanal are REM's gregarious cousins, reaching out to grab the

audience rather than slowly pulling it in. When singer Murray Attaway threatens that the band will play an Anne Murray tune, you know you're listening to a guy with a sense of humour. Accompanying Murray on stage, bassist Rhett Crowe bops along, her head going to and fro continuously, Jeff Walls churns and churns that guitar of his, and drummer John Poe flails. Oh ya, *Kumbayah* live might just include some snippets from The Who's *I Can See For Miles*, or maybe even a tad of Jefferson Airplane's *White Rabbit*. Boy, you'd think nothing was sacred.

LIKE ALL RIGHT-thinkin' bands, Guadalcanal had the good sense to put out a piece of vinyl back in 1983. That EP carried the moniker *Watusi Rodeo*, because producer Bruce Baxter said one side sounded cowboy and the other side, African. Just like the EP, their first full-length pieces of wax, *Walking in the Shadow of the Big Man*, appeared on the Athens, Georgia independent label, DB Records. And that disc actually included a tune entitled *Watusi Rodeo*, an instantly likeable and memorable song about the clash that occurs when one country tries to install its own culture in a foreign land.

cont. p. 8

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from p. 6

Besides the nifty surf-guitar solo, *Watusi Rodeo* contains some of the most intelligent and funny lyrics around:

Monkeys in the trees just thumbin' their nose

At the bullriders riddin' on rhinos.

*Warriors standin' with spears in their hands
 Wonderin' what's next from a crazy white man.*

*Natives are restless sunnin' this jetsam
 What are these cowboys doin' in the Congo?*

*Look like cows but they're waterbuffaloes,
 Ropin' and ridin' in a Watusi Rodeo,
 They look like cows but they're waterbuffaloes.*

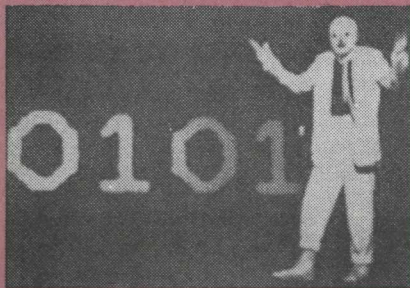
Everybody's headin' for the Watusi Rodeo. Things were goin' pretty darn fine for this group from the South. They became hot stuff on the college radio circuit. Heavy airplay for *Walking...* and the big boys were paying attention. Turn around and Guadalcanal Diary are livin' the good life of milk and honey, lazing around the pool all day contemplating stock options. All thanks to the friendly folks at Elektra Records. So it might not have meant milk and honey, but according to John it did garner some improvement, "All the major label has done for us is, we seem to have spent lots more time and lots more money for a product that maybe it's a little more professional, but

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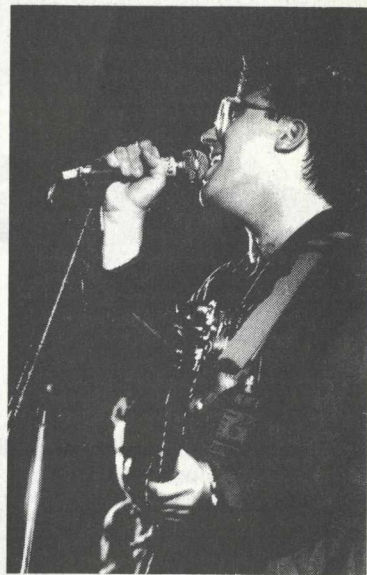
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to me it's not anymore entertaining than the first one was. They have a real knack of spending lots of time and money doing lots of things. But the one thing you can't beat with a big label is distribution. I can walk into almost any record store and our record will be there. That's the advantage, in my opinion, of being on a big label as opposed to DB where it was a real struggle for them to get the records where we were playing, much less where we weren't."

The thing with the biggies is they don't just volunteer to distribute the album for you like

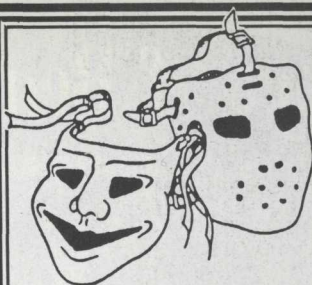
your kin-folk might if they were spending their vacation driving cross-country in a rented RV. No, unfortunately the major labels are desirous of sharing ideas, plans and such with the band. Record companies also like to make suggestions. And why not, it's a relatively free country isn't it? If we can believe John, thankfully, disagreements have not led to any physical injuries yet. "They say things like 'we would like you to have a new album ready for spring of next year.' But there's no pressure. We say, 'We have more in mind of having a new record out in fall of next year.' They'll argue a bit but nothing has gotten ugly."

Producer Rodney Mills was Elektra's idea. He'd worked with 38 Special and The Atlanta Rhythm Section; and the plan was to procure a smash hit single from Guadalcanal Diary (I mean, it happened for The Bangles, right?). However, Mills resisted giving the songs a big, glossy sheen. I'm glad he did and so is drummer John, but John didn't take to well to the contributions of the other producer Steve Nye. "I think we completely gave into Steve Nye, and I think we got the ultimate in gloss. The really pretty vocals and guitars, and the real subdued bass and drums, and I didn't care for it at all."



A FORTUNATE SIGN is Guadalcanal's continuing to experiment on the new LP *Jamboree*. The record travels quite a distance from tune to tune with the swinging *T.R.O.U.B.L.E.*, introspective, spiritual cuts like *Spirit Train* and *Pray For Rain*, and the heavy-metalish *Cattle Prod*. Spirituality is a term that cropped up a lot at the time of *Walking in the Shadow of the Big Man*, and the new album reinforces this aspect. For the group, it has nothing to do with organized religion or preaching to the masses but rather an earnest reverence for life in general. An appreciation of the awes, and the mysteries and the wonders of life. But, about *Cattle Prod*. A sort of humorous heavy metal tune that came about from taking two days to drive through Texas. Being cooped up in a van staring at oil wells and loads of cattle can be mighty inspiring. Says John, "It's just fun with barnyard animals, not necessarily sexual connotations. We put those references in there to be read if one cared to read those connotations in, but actually it's about someone who enjoys his work. At first I got after Murray, 'You can't be singin' these sexual innuendos;' and then I sat back and looked at it. It isn't really there. It's all in your imagination. Nothing he says has to be taken in a bestial way. It could be just someone who enjoys milking his cows, and thus, keep'n them in line." Well, you can ponder that one. Whatever you get from each song, the music is open to interpretation, as it should be. Guadalcanal Diary manage to create music that can reach out or look inward, while trying new ideas and maintaining a delicious wit. Not something to worship, but certainly worth a little reverence.

—Kevin Smith



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The Importance of Being Norwegian

HISTORICALLY, NORWAY IS NOT renowned for its sense of humour. Fjords, reforestation programs, and Horney Gorney, yes, a wistful melancholia, perhaps. But an acerbic wit, a satirical innuendo, or the nuance of absurdity are not words that come to my mind when thinking of Norway and its people. In fact, the only Norwegian jokes I've ever heard were told by Swedes, and we all know how funny the Swedes are. Yet, flying into the ugly face of cultural stereotyping comes something from Norway that is truly funny. *Dollie Deluxe!*

Dollie Deluxe are two coolly beautiful Norwegian ingenues who recently made their North American debut during the last week of Expo 86. Ingrid, a classically trained pianist, and Benedicte, an opera singer in her own right, have been performing together for six years and have released as many albums. The latest *Rock vs. Opera*, has apparently taken Europe by storm and if the response they received at Expo 86 is any indication, Dollie Deluxe are set to do the same in North America.

Rock versus opera? you may rightfully ask. It is the Dollie Deluxe concept that they take very seriously yet manage to execute in such a fashion that it comes across as being, at times, absurdly funny. Imagine *Caro Nome* from Verdi's *Rigoletto* sung to *Sex & Drugs & Rock & roll* by Ian Dury. Or *Habanera* from Bizet's *Carmen* to *Gimme Some Lovin'* by the Spencer Davis Group. Or what about their biggest hit, the *Queen of the Night* aria from Mozart's *The Magic Flute* and *I Can't Get No Satisfaction*? Now picture Dollie Deluxe resplendent in pink robes and opera couture



backed by a generic rock group with an 'I Loathe Opera' frown across their handsome faces, trying to usurp the limelight with their generic versions of rock and roll classics. The winner: opera, by a clear crescendo.

This is the best of Dollie Deluxe's unlikely mix of opera and rock standards. It is seemingly incongruous that one is tempted to laugh at the audacity of such a combination. Yet, it works. But, when it is bad, it is *really* bad. Dollie Deluxe's delivery can be awkward and contrived, and their original material is not much better than the losing entries of last year's Eurovision Pop Song Contest. Nevertheless, I can forgive them their shortcomings. Why? I am not quite so sure. Perhaps it is because I find them ineffably charming. Maybe I am a sucker for a good aria. Or could it be that I simply like Norwegians?



THESE ARE THE POINTS TO KEEP in mind when considering the Dollie Deluxe phenomenon. However implausible it may seem, they are depending on their guileless charm to take them to the top of the North American Hit Parade. Opera on the AM airwaves? A year ago, most of those who should know would have laughed at the notion of Run DMC or even Janet Jackson's less than nasty funk crossing over in a big way. Yet, rap and funk are threads in North American music fabric, whereas opera is most definitely not. It is considered by most purveyors of contemporary taste in North America to be an anachronism, an archaic cultural form representative of a European aristocratic society that has long since disappeared. Any pop artists today that display more than just a passing interest with the 'operatic' style (Malcolm McLaren, Klaus Nomi, and Nina Hagen, to name a few) are ultimately demoted to the class of 'novelty act' by the music industry because of the establishment's limited scope. Will the same happen to Dollie Deluxe? Or will they embrace them precisely because they are beautiful and Norwegian?

Dollie Deluxe's first visit to North America attracted almost 50,000 people to their eight public performances at Expo 86 and their success can be attributed to the same sources that ensured the success of the world's fair. Both achieved unexpected popularity because they became media events. Their appeal was easily transmitted by the image media which especially is very adept at creating a superficial allure ready for quick consumption. Dollie Deluxe's live presentation did not meet the expectations the hype preceding it created, yet at this point in the game, that's irrelevant. We are all looking for the Next Big Thing, and just as the Sex Pistols remain testament to the fact that style over content sells records, opera might be next year's style. Don't laugh, it could be very funny.

—Mr. Ed

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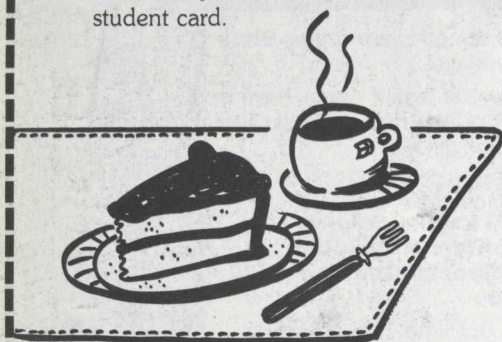
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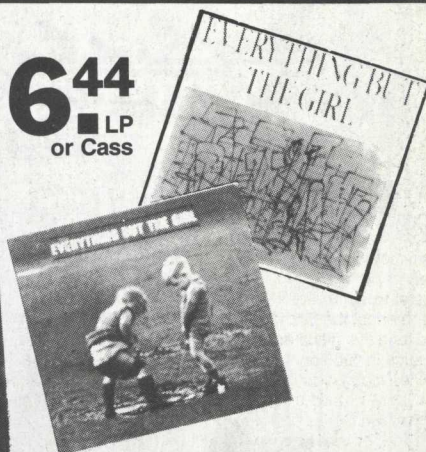
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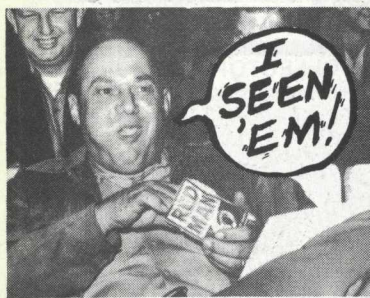
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The Orthotonics

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN SITTING IN a bar amidst a seething throng of about five or six people while a band from waaaay out of town is playing, to their utmost limit, some of the tightest, original, and inspired dance music to be heard? It rather drives one to teeth-grinding frustration whilst having visions of the promoter being burned in effigy. And while the five or six people are being impressed to the eyeballs, the place SHOULD and COULD be PACKED.

Case in point: Were you aware that Richmond, Virginia's Orthotonics played two outstanding gigs at the Railway Club on September 24th and 25th? No? Apparently no one else did either, even those of us previously aware of their two LPs on Rec Rec Switzerland (Rift in the U.S.), a division of the famed Recommended Records Label. They also share a kinship with such groups as France's Etron Fou Leloublan and Les 1, Switzerland's Debile Menthol, and American groups V-Effect and Skeleton Crew. Highly inventive, and infinitely danceable, the Orthotonics are one of the most enjoyable trios a club like the Rail could ever hope to entertain.



Having evolved from an expectedly small network of people involved with a music improv/artist workshop in the tobacco capital of North America, the Orthotonics originally performed as a five piece and released their first LP as such in 1985 on the Rec Rec label. The LP, *Wake Up You Must Remember*, received a great deal of favour from the indie music press through the fact that Fred Frith, a friend of the band, mixed the recording. To this day, Frith's name is unnecessarily tagged on for promotion and reference. Though Frith has also produced the Ortho's latest LP *Luminous Bipedes*, his peripheral involvement with the group has little bearing on their unique and accomplished sound. If anything, it should simply be taken as a hallmark of quality.

Time to meet the band: Danny Finney, saxes and vocals; Rebby Sharp, keys, guitar, and vocals; and Pippin Barnnet, percussion and vocals. It's not difficult meeting a group when there are only a half dozen patrons in the place and their exit from the stage takes



From L to R: Danny Finney, Pippin Barnnet, Rebby Sharp.

them right to your table. Remember, the Police once played to as many people and look what happened to them. Well, maybe I shouldn't have brought that up. In any case, I am very pleased to meet them and decide to arrange a live interview on CTR to promote the following evening's performance. And, while Richard Thompson and The Animal Slaves were playing only blocks away, the turnout for the Orthotonics' second show was considerably improved and the enthusiasm ran high both onstage and amongst the newly seething throngs. (Gosh, Mark! It really works.—Ed)

Excellent. Contacts are made and NEXT TIME it will be BIG. Perhaps a date with Skeleton Crew is in order. Seeing as Pippin is also the drummer for Curlew (along with Frith, Tom Cora, George Cartwright etc.) we may yet see that group perform here as well. It is agreed that the Orthotonics will be back. Next time, don't miss them. You would be missing out on quite a show.

P.P.S. Both Orthotonics records are currently available at Zulu for a more than reasonable price. They are both well worth the effort.

—Mark Mushet

SHINDIG

Julia Was There. Were You?

S O HEY, ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 6TH the first Semi-Finals of Shindig happened at the Savoy. There was a huge lineup, plenty of drunk people and three good local bands. Gee, it's too bad they all couldn't have won, but I guess that's the nature of healthy competition. The losers were **Omni-Squid**, despite their great percussion, gogo dancers and artistically stupid stage antics. **Stubborn Blood** were the winners because they played a cohesive and blistering set of music a little bit more original than the **Void**, who came in second. All three bands looked like they had a good time, which is more important than winning anyway.

The No Contest Night on October 13th was cancelled due to Expo plague, but Shindig, undaunted as ever, was back with force on October 20th. This band, **Equinox**, who came equipped with their own sound man, the biggest speakers and drum kit ever to grace the Savoy, played a super lengthy drum solo, just

like Iron Butterfly. They came in last, which is too bad, considering the trouble they went to. **FYF** came in second, and they did really well considering it was their first gig. The winners were **Bruised and Stupid** from Victoria. They have a demo currently in circulation at CTR (as does **Stubborn Blood** and **Omni-Squid**), and will go on to further their participation in the Vancouver music scene on November 10th at the next Shindig Semi-Finals.

—Julia

photo John Seally

WHO SHOPS AT COLLECTORS RPM?

JOE JACKSON
BILLY GIBBONS
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THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
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SHINDIG!

Nov. 3!
Zen Pilots
Times Four
More Uncle Stories

Nov. 10! Semi-final
Bruised & Stupid
Winner of Oct. 27
Winner of Nov. 3

Nov. 17!
Third Man Out
Hiotype

Nov. 24!
Bedspins
Vertical Laughter
Subterreans

1st Prize

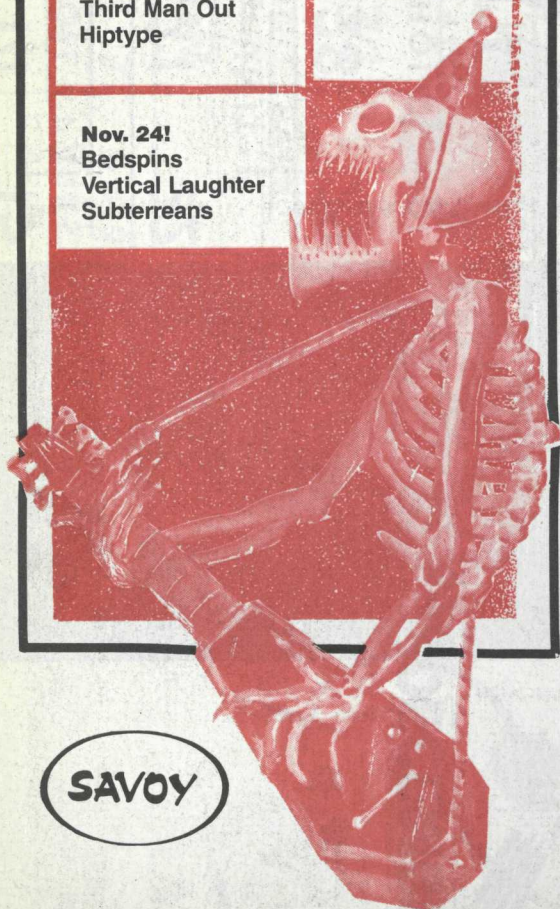
24 hrs. Recording Time
24-track at Mushroom Studios
B & W Music Video from
Zeitgeist Video Productions

2nd Prize

24 hrs. Recording Time
16-track at Bullfrog Studios

3rd Prize

24 hrs. Recording Time
8-track at Scape Studios
— and —
a D330 BT Microphone
from Commercial Electronics



SAVOY

VERTICAL LAUGHTER



oct. 30

TOO LATE

NICK CAVE AND
THE
BAD SEEDS

THE TOWN PUMP

nov. 7

THE SPORES

ARTS CLUB THEATRE
1181 SEYMOUR

nov. 24

SHINDIG!

THE SAVOY NIGHTCLUB
6 Powell Street

AND

dec. 3

NIGHT ONE

WITH
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DANCE ROCK / FUNK / CLASSICS / ETC

FUN TUNES, FUN TYPES!!



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3

11 12 14 15
HELL AND GONE JOEL PARKS

18 19 21 22

NINE UNIT-E

25 26 28 29

THE YOUNG ADULTS HOI + POLLOI

LIVE BANDS

JAZZ-JON KELLY
 night

LIVE BANDS

LIVE BANDS

REGGAE
 EDGAR DREAD

LIVE BANDS

LIVE BANDS

WILD CARD
 PARTY RENT

DECEMBER

5 OMNI-DIS-COMFITED

6 N

ESRUC

IAN'S PARTY

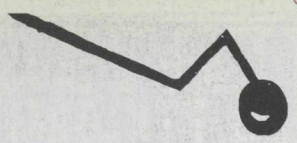
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MODERN EGYPT
 FASHION &

THE ARTS

TUNE TO

DESIGN: JACK SCRIVER



CHAVINET

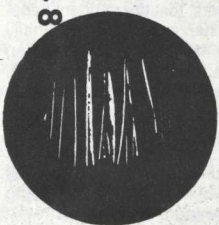
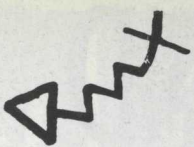
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9 PM - 2 AM MON-SAT

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NE KLUB

OCTOBER

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1

MUNGO PARK

NOVEMBER

LIVE BANDS

4
CRAZY
FINGERS

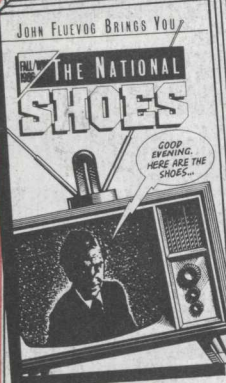
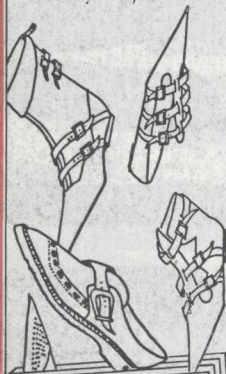
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VISION

8 & 9
THE
CHEER



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BEHIND THE DIAL

Hello Stranger? Pt. 2

After realizing that working as the Queen's Press Secretary was not the challenge he had anticipated, Michael Shea has returned to these hallowed pages as editor of That Magazine From CTR FM102. He was lured from Buck Palace by the promise of an unlimited cashflow and comps to all the local gigs. Rest assured, avid readers, that the rampant nepotism *Discorder* is often accused of has finally been overcome by the selfless consideration of printing all the Wit That is Fit to Print. Michael is not related to anyone here at *Discorder*. Before working as Elizabeth's right-hand man, he was an internationally-known Polish disc-jockey. Accolades to Bill Mullen, who survived as editor for two issues. Bill has gone on to the infinitely more frustrating business of independent filmmaking.

Musical Health

The business of making music has not been known for its occupational health hazards; deaf ears, sore throats, and drug-addled brains have been common symptoms of this particularly glamorous lifestyle, but more recently there has been an increase in disabilities due to the actual playing of music. Whether you are a rapid-fire drummer, a hot

guitar lick, or a histrionic singer, you want to protect the ability to do what you do best.

Robin Fross is a medical doctor at UBC who is very interested in defining some of the occupational health hazards that afflict many professional and amateur musicians. Fross has written a comprehensive survey that will assist her in the research of the medical problems of performing artists, and she requires musicians from all areas to answer the survey. Whether you are professional or amateur, healthy or sick, Dr. Fross would like to talk to you. Call her at 228-7769.

Back Issues Are Now Available. Cheap.

We know that there are now many avid *Discorder* readers who at one time or another thought that this magazine was just another "flash in the pan" and never expected to see it past the next issue. We know that because many of those same people once did or now do work at "That magazine from CTR." Like us you probably used *Discorder* for lining the litter box, cleaning the windows and when the tissue supply went dry. Alas! never to see the same *Discorders* again! Have no fear, dear readers, *Discorder* back issues are now available! For only \$1 per copy (\$1 U.S. and \$2 overseas), you too, have the opportunity to complete your *Discorder* Catalogue (subject to availability, of course). What a great Christmas idea, kids! Please make your cheque or money order payable to:

CITR Publications
6138 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

Make sure to list alternatives as not all issues may be in stock. Merry reading!

Don't Open That Fridge!

"Got the information munchies?... Whet your appetite with CTR's Dinner Report... Your Information Alternative. Starting November 3, the 5 o'clock Dinner Report expands its format to cover UBC and University related news, reviews, public affairs and sports. Find out what's happening with the dinner report, 5 p.m., Monday to Friday. Salad bar and desert included.

DAVIDE PAN DAVIDE PAN

OPENING PERFORMANCE NOV 4 9:00 PM

OPEN EVERY DAY 12:00 TO 5:00

IN THE BLACK GALLERY
NOV. 4 — NOV. 22

36 Powell st.

Horried wife is in shock

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SPIN List

CITR fm 102 cable 100

TOP AIRPLAY ALBUMS

ARTIST

- Various Artists
- Various Artists
- Screaming Blue Messiahs
- Herald Nix
- The Gruesomes
- David Sylvain
- Spirit of the West
- Gene Loves Jezebel
- The Jazz Butcher
- Flux
- Perennial Divide
- The Untouchables
- Talking Heads
- Giant Sand
- 54.40
- REM
- B-52s
- Nick Cave
- Laibach
- Various Artists
- Various Artists

TITLE

- Love Kills*
- It Came From Canada II*
- Gun-Shy*
- The Fugitive Kind*
- Tyrants of Teen Trash*
- Gone To Earth*
- Tripping Up The Stairs*
- Discover*
- Bloody Nonsense*
- Uncarved Block*
- Purge*
- Dance Party EP*
- True Stories*
- Ballad of a Thin Line Man*
- 54.40*
- Life's Rich Pageant*
- Bouncing Off Satellites*
- Kicking Against The Pricks*
- Occupied Europe Tour 1985*
- Valium Orgasms*
- London Underground (CHRW)*

LABEL

- MCA
- OG
- WEA
- East Side
- OG
- A&M
- RCA
- Polygram
- Polygram
- 1 Little Indian
- Sweatbox
- MCA
- WEA
- Zippo
- WEA
- MCA
- WEA
- Homestead
- Side Effects
- Creation
- Signature

TOP AIRPLAY SINGLES

ARTIST

- This Mortal Coil
- Ciccone Youth
- The Fall
- The The
- Richard H. Kirk
- Billy Bragg
- Celebrity Drunks
- Soup Dragons
- The Spores
- Flammable Animal

TITLE

- Drugs*
- Burnin' Up*
- Living Too Late*
- Sweet Bird of Truth*
- Hipnotic*
- Levi Stubbs' Tears EP*
- Beef March*
- Whole Wide World*
- Narcs In My Pants*
- Brand New Day*

LABEL

- 4AD
- New Alliance
- Beggars Banquet
- Some Bizarre
- Rough Trade
- Polygram
- Demo Tape
- Subway
- Criminal
- Demo Tape

EVERY FRIDAY-SATURDAY MIDNITE

**THE ROCKY HORROR
PICTURE SHOW**

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SAM MANGWANA

LOKASSA YA MBONGO

NYBOMA & LES KAMALÉ

DYNAMIQUES DU ZAIRE

MAREHEMU GEORGE MUKABI

BLACK SWAN 2936 W. 4th 734-2828

ON THE DIAL

CITR fm 102 cable 100

WEEKDAY REGULARS

- 7:30 am Sign-On**
8:00 am BREAKFAST REPORT
 News, sports and weather followed by GENERIC RIEVIEW and INSIGHT.
- 10:00 am MORNING NEWS BRIEF**
 News, sports and weather.
- 1:00 pm LUNCH REPORT**
 News, sports and weather.
- 3:00 pm AFTERNOON NEWS BRIEF**
 News, sports and weather.
- 5:00 pm DINNER MAGAZINE**
 News, sports and weather followed by GENERIC REVIEWS, INSIGHT and a DAILY FEATURE.
- 4:00 am Sign-Off**

WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00 pm-12:30 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

02 Nov. Classic VEJ (Vancouver Ensemble of Jazz Improvisation) is a big band led by trombonist, pianist, arranger and composer Hugh Fraser. It is the best of all the VEJ records and should prove—once again—that Vancouver is a city of world-class jazz.

10 Nov. J Mood. Wynton Marsalis' latest Jazz recording is a revelation. Marsalis no longer has to "prove" his artistry or his musical maturity. It's here on this quartet record of balanced, often profound performances.

17 Nov. Art Tatum, considered by many to be THE Jazz pianist died in 1956. Even 30 years after his death young

pianists study him. As Oscar Peterson says, "Tatum wrote the book." We'll have the great Tatum in solo performances recorded shortly before his death, and hear why he is held in such high regard by pianists from all fields of music.

24 Nov. Nascence is the name of a new album by two of the brightest lights in contemporary jazz...**Terence Blanchard and Donald Harrison.** They have just left jazz-master Art Blakey after four years and formed their own band. The results are this record...their best yet. These two young (under 25) men are at the forefront of today's jazz.

TUESDAYS

THE EDGE ON FOLK

8:00-9:30 pm

Vancouver's only Prime Time radio show featuring traditional music from around the world. The emphasis tends to be on the "Rogue" edge of the folk scene, but there is usually time to squeeze in stuff for the purists out there too. It is nearly always impossible to pre-arrange these shows as people might drop in, or a new LP comes out which demands my immediate attention, but here are some of things I hope to fit in this month:

04 Nov. An interview with various members of **Richard Thompson's band.** They played the Town Pump in September and I spoke to them in the heart of Gastown. Highlights of their musical offerings will be sprinkled liberally throughout the show.

11 Nov. Lest I should be accused of a sexist approach to folk music I shall endeavour to present an evening of women's music, featuring the likes of **Sweet Honey In The Rock, Judy Small, Ferron,** etc.

18 Nov. The many talents of **John Kirkpatrick.** He works with a variety of folkies including Roy Bailey, Thompson, Brass Monkey. He is a true virtuoso of the accordion and a smart bloke!

25 Nov. Either last month's postponed feature on **Red Island & Figgy Duff** from Newfoundland, or maybe **Roy (Bim) Forbes** presenting the influence of Country Music on the folk scene, or perhaps just a rundown of the latest releases. Who knows?

I often get requests, but as I usually have to rely on my own collection for material, these are sometimes difficult to accommodate. I would welcome any suggestions for future shows, though. Drop me a line at CITR or better still, phone me during the show to at least let me know you're out there!

BUNKUM OBSCURA

9:30-11:00 pm

An eclectic mishmash of audio disturbances. playlist and requests presented by a former circus entertainer who was fired from the cannon one too many times.

LOVE PEACE AND VIOLENCE

11:00 pm-1:00 am

Imagine phone books that drip blood when you try to tear them in two, empty plastic garbage pails that smell of blind rabbit flesh,

empty skulls all piled up and arranged in rows like hedges near the Parliament buildings. Imagine radio that is past not caring. Imagine words so complex it takes three grown men to pronounce them. It's later than you think.

PLAYLOUD

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

There is no art without apparent madness, without apparent contradiction. One freed from any consoling preoccupations, art opens up wide the territory of psychosis. Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

WEDNESDAYS

WE BE BOTANISTS

10:30 am-1:00 pm

Join Florists Grant, Dave and Byron as they unearth toxic tunes that will surely decimate all plant life in the Lower Mainland.

RODNEY RATFACE AND...

1:00-3:00 pm

Flashback 'zak (all the way to 79/80 or so). No requests please; only "good" music is played here.

THE WAILING MUMBLEFUCKS

3:05-5:00 pm

"Interviews" and new(est) releases by/with local bands and/or otherwise. So there.

JUST LIKE WOMEN

5:30-6:00 pm

Tune in for 30 minutes of invigorating and stimulating interviews, news and music. For anyone interested in women's issues or learning more about them.

ROCK: THE UNDERWORLD

6:00-8:00 pm

Digest your din-din in rockin' style. Mike Dennis and the godfather (Jimmy Pattison Jr.) spin the latest and hippest in the rock 'n roll underground. A typical desert may feature Husker Du pudding or Sonic Youth cheese-cake, and don't forget from 7:30-8:00, we feature the "hellfire club" when we play all the cool classics, from acid rock to rockabilly to punk.

THE AFRICAN SHOW

8:00-9:30 pm

Catch the latest in African news and Music with Umerah Patrick Onukwulu and Todd Langmuir. News at 8:30. Special feature weekly at 9:00. Onward-Harambe.

ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?

9:30-midnight

Music and paranoid delusions. Twenty-minute workouts for marginal psychotics. Travis B. delivers music for people with an attitude problem.

THE KNIGHT AFTER

Midnight to 4:00 am

Music to clobber Yuppies by (and anyone wearing floral baggy shorts). Featuring radio shows traded with alternative stations in Europe and the U.S., and every 5 weeks a new episode of MUSIC FROM THE TAR PITS, an ode to early seventies recreational-substance rock. Regular guests include MOAMMAR K., the Prince of Wales and Lyndon Lerouche.

THURSDAYS

PARTY WITH ME, PUNKER!

3:00-5:00 pm

Join Rock Action and Crusty Love for cool tunes and special guests and features.

TOP OF THE BOPS

8:00-9:00 pm

Screaming guitars, throbbing basses, pounding drums, pumping pianos and howling saxes: Top of the Bops has them all, and you can have them too!

TEENAGE TROPOR

9:00-11:00 pm

Is it angst or just too much cider? Tune in and find out.

MEL BREWER PRESENTS

11:00 pm-Midnight

Jerry has left us to watch for K-RCK in Los Angeles. However, his evil twin, Travis, can be found on Wed. nights, 9:30 to 12:00. Mel, meanwhile, will continue to bring you the best in local music interviews, mike squeals, and general silliness.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

10:30-11:30 am

Join host Kirby Hill for interviews, features, and a taste of the exotic. The White Wolf lives!

THE COCKTAIL PARTY

5:30-8:00 pm

Mike Mines & Robin Razzell invite you to a world of bibulous pleasure via the newest psychedelic sounds from both sides of the pond. Just add ice and shake.

POWER CHORD

8:00-9:30 pm

Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

THE BIG SHOW

9:30 pm-midnight

Elevate your BPMs with Robert Shea and Al Big. And shine your shoes, for God's sake.

THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW

Midnight-4:00 am

"Paula, have you heard of The Bonzo Dog Band?"

"Uh, I think that's Banzai Frog Band, Sheri. Why?"

"It's a request."

"We take requests?!"

"Yes."

"Oh, so that's what we do."

Tune in and call us.

WEEKEND REGULARS

8:00 am Sign-On

Noon BRUNCH REPORT

News, sports and weather.

6:00 pm SAT./SUN. MAGAZINE

News, sports and weather, plus
GENERIC REVIEW, analysis of current affairs and special features.

4:00 am Sign-Off

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

EARLY MUSIC SHOW

7:30-10:00 am

Have breakfast to music from the Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque periods, played on strange and exotic instruments. With host Paul Smith.

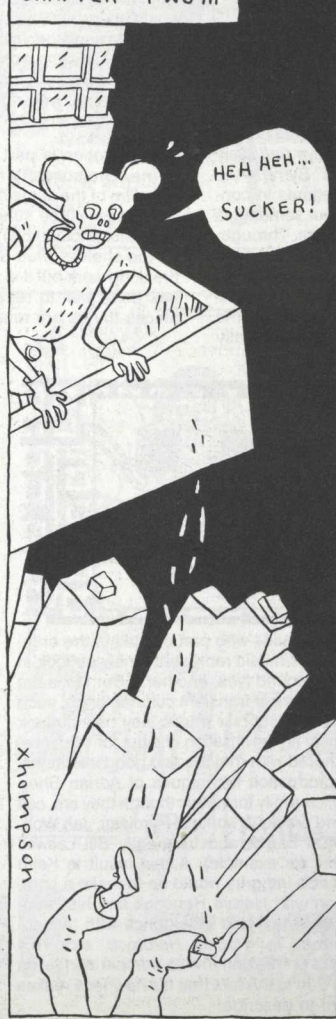
NEOFILE

Noon-4:00 pm

A rundown of the newest, most exciting and insipid releases raked in during the week at CITR. Join music directors and charismatic hosts Don Chow and Kevin Smith for an

GENERIC COMIX by william thompson

CHAPTER TWO ...



eclectic musical pig-out, with occasional interviews, live mixes, and peripheral relevance.

PROPAGANDA!

6:30-9:00 pm

An eclectic mix of interviews, reviews, music, humour, High Profiles, and other features with Mike Johal.

TUNES 'R' US

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

It's a brand new season!!!!

- All new music
- New runners and shirts
- New haircuts
- New hosts!!!!!!!

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

8:00 am-Noon

With your hosts Tyler Cutforth and Paul Smith.

ROCKERS SHOW

Noon-3:00 pm

The best in Roots, Rock, Reggae, DJ and Dub music with your hosts George (Family Man) Barrett and Collin Hepbourn.

MICHAEL WILLMORE'S ROCK TALK

3:00-6:00 pm

Authentic Rock 'N' Roll from the 1950s and 1960s featuring many collectors' items and rock rarities you'd never hear anywhere else.

FAST FORWARD

9:00 pm-1:00 am

Mark Mushet searches the world over for experimental, minimalist, avant-garde, electronic, and other non-mainstream sounds.

LIFE AFTER BED

1 am-4 am

The return of the nightmare from the people you're parents warned you about. Ugly radio has returned. Warn your avocados.

Floyd's Corner—Country and Western with Jeff G. Starts at 2:00 a.m.

SPORTS BROADCASTS

THUNDERBIRD FOOTBALL

Sat., Nov. 1, 7:20 pm

Saskatchewan vs. UBC, Thunderbird Stadium.

Fri., Nov. 7, 7:20 pm

Western Final: Calgary vs. UBC, Thunderbird Stadium.

Sat., Nov. 15

National Semi-Final (from Ottawa) if #1-ranked UBC wins the Western Final. Listen to CITR Sports for more details.

THUNDERBIRD SOCCER

Fri., Nov. 14 (tentative)

National Semi-Final (from Ontario): UBC vs. Ontario champions.

Sun., Nov. 16 (tentative)

National Final (from Ontario) if #1-ranked UBC wins the semi-final. Listen to CITR Sports for more details.

THUNDERBIRD HOCKEY

Sun., Nov. 16, 1:50 pm

Lethbridge vs. UBC, Thunderbird Arena

Fri., Nov. 21, 7:20 pm

Brandon vs. UBC, Thunderbird Arena

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VERDICT



Talking Heads True Stories Sire

If you were wondering where Talking Heads were going when they made that left turn with *Little Creatures* then have a listen to *True Stories*. David Byrne has piloted the band through the SoHo/Greenwich Village scene of their early years, through complete immersions in African rhythms and has headed straight back into Middle America, a world that can be as fascinating and complex as any other if we could only see it the way Byrne does.

As always, Byrne gives his subject a feel of immediacy by placing himself in the midst of things. The album opens with, "I was born in a house with the television always on/I grew up too fast/And I forgot my name." Byrne's America whirls around him, sometimes in confusion as in *Puzzlin' Evidence* but sometimes with a clear eye as in *Wild Wild Life*. Throughout *True Stories* he has avoided the surface clutter that permeates the average view of America in the age of Reagan. His view has a joyous colour to it and there is little of the complaining and cynicism that you usually

find with someone who has a relevant social view.

The songs themselves cover a whole range of styles. *Love For Sale* rocks harder than anything the Heads have done in a long while. Though it borders on the conventional format and by that I mean boring, it still has the nuances that make it a half decent Heads song. *Wild Wild Life* is a straight-forward pop tune that has the fortune to be graced by Byrne's patented vocal weirdness. It's the obvious choice for the band's first single from this album. The choice cut though is *Papa Legba* which opens with a sparse, Turkish sounding beat. The song then moves to something reminiscent of *Swamp* from *Speaking In Tongues* and if that isn't enough the haunting chorus seems to take you right into the everglades of Cajun Country.

True Stories is part of a large project for Byrne. The songs here are to be the music for a film of the same name except in the film the songs will be sung by the characters. A book with photographs of the stories is already on the shelves. *True Stories* is not a groundbreaking work but it is revealing. David Byrne has done well to reassure us that in some places things are relatively sane.

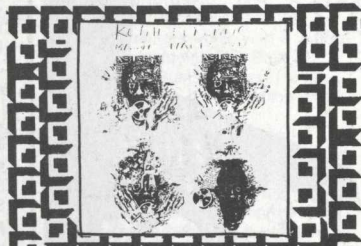
—Mark Quail

Keith LeBlanc Major Malfunction World

Trepidationary, funky, adrenalinian, macabre, now, deviant, relevant, contrived, hip, heavy, out-bottomed, blacker than black, ominous. Rock and roll is dead. There is no point in labouring this statement. It's antithesis thrives in the work of Tackhead, Gary Clail, Fats Comet, African Head Charge, Malcolm X. Sounds that are not standard, that do not aim for appeal. These are the works of people such as Keith LeBlanc, Adrian Sherwood and their co-horts.

Alternative beats with alternative rhythms, this is modernism in music. This sound is post-everything, reminiscent (?) of a music created after the complete elimination of any previous memory of what music "should be like." A vaguely familiar context, frighteningly so, yet far removed from cultural assumptions or predictions.

Here is an album of uneasy newness and rational irritation. *Technology works, technology delivers*. What we receive is an unmaned technological necessity, void of human contact or influence, the obvious outcome of a computer created cross-generalization of this history of music. Or so it deceptively seems.



The humans who participated in the creation of this music represent a new outlook in modern sound (yes, another!). But, as is the case with most transient cultural forms, such as modern popular music, any new outlook is simply an assimilation of input, or influence, smothered with rhetoric and good intentions. The production techniques of Adrian Sherwood, creamily formulaic though they are, call to mind previous works of Pyrolator, Jah Wobble, 400 Blows, and frequently Bill Laswell (Praxis, for example). A real insult to Keith LeBlanc's integrity would be to make a comparison with Herbie Hancock and his "sudden" embrace and indulgence with techno-funk rock re: *Rockit*, *Hardrock*, etc. This album's pretension invites comparison, even if it is due to the fact that it's newness makes it hard to describe.

Lyrical content is supplied through various spoken statements by unrelated persons (we assume), captured on tape, thrashed, altered and delayed; fragments of sentences and treated voices fly at will, catch phrases abound. We are tempted by subordinate concepts barely expressed, yet well intended. The imagination is challenged to conclude the intentions, to fill in the conceptual gaps, to make sense of it all.

Of course this is ultimately a funky music, a heavy drum programmed euphoric melee. It is also not for people with a nervous condition, or a low tolerance for pointed subtlety. Your bass reflexes will be overwhelmed, your limits peaked and your harmonics distorted. *Technology is a modern quasi-religion*. A seemingly obvious statement, soon to be a cliché, but when put into the context of this album it becomes almost a revelation.

This album is full of changes, alterations and reflexes; its very sound comes over as unique at first, which makes it very good for repeated listens, to really hear those sounds, to extract whatever is available. Don't expect everyone to agree, though, you must have an acceptance of the dark side of the aural spectrum to tolerate indulgence in this manner. If you do, well here is one more ultra-heavy disc for loud headphone listening.

—Robert Shea

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Richard Thompson *Daring Adventures* Polygram

Elvis Costello *Blood and Chocolate* Columbia

The twin prophets of Doom and Gloom are back!

Following the marvellous *King Of America* album, Declan Patrick Aloysius McManus/Elvis Costello/Napoleon Dynamite(!?) has burned out another fine album from his prolific production-line. The main difference on the new LP is the return of The Attractions. Having been "ditched" for one LP they storm through this one in a manner which suggests "OK Columbia, let's see you drop us again!"

Interestingly, Richard Thompson, on *Daring Adventures*, is backed not by the usual band of Gregson/Collister/Conway/McFarlane, but the same musicians who backed Costello on *King Of America*. Mitchell Froom, who also produces, plays Hammond Organ, Jerry Scheff and Jim Keltner or Mickey Curry are the rhythm section. John Kirkpatrick, the accordion virtuoso who stole the show at the Town Pump in September, makes one or two cameo appearances, and Gregson & Collister do backing vocals, but otherwise it's a new line-up for Thommo. Having said that, there is no doubt at all that it works, and it still sounds distinctly Thompsonian. The only flaw in the production is the relegation of the accordion

to a minor supporting role, when this appears to be the "in" instrument these days.

Thommo's album has plenty of variety with dark imagery, manic sounds and interjections of humour. The opening tracks *Bone Through Her Nose* and *Valerie* provide an amusing start to the LP:

*She's got everything a girl might need
She's a tribal animal yes indeed
But she hasn't got a bone through her nose
Don't be misled by this. Missie hints at the depression to follow:*

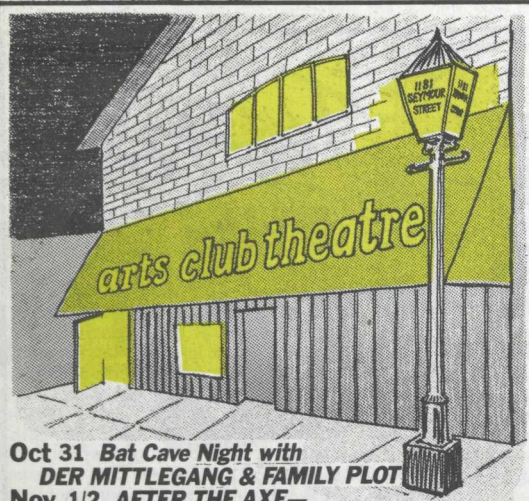
*And if you never liked pulling teeth
Then why did you tie me in the dentist's chair!*

Dead Man's Handle strongly resembles *Wall Of Death* from his *Shoot Out The Lights* LP, and is therefore a stand-out. *Long Dead Love* features an Animals-like intro and is a stirring dirge which was one of the high-lights of the concerts here.

On the last LP the evocative, chilling number was *Ghosts In The Wind*. This time it's *Lover's Lane* where *deception is the rule*.

Nearly In Love should be the next single, although this might create the dangerous possibility of massive popularity. *Jennie* is the bitter tale of a spurned lover trying to come to terms with his rejection. A stunning song, it fits in well with the main theme of Elvis' LP too.

The final 2 songs represent some of Thompso's finest writing to date. He performed them back-to-back on stage both nights and they do go well together. *Simple Again* tells of a soldier meeting a carefree, innocent



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girl in a war-torn landscape and yearning for her ability to ignore the terror around her.

Finally, *All Bowly's In Heaven* continues the theme as a crippled veteran returns home to find that all the glamour of the uniform has faded. Al Bowly, his hero (a British jazz singer killed in an Air Raid in 1940) has passed away, his mobility has gone, and so has all hope of finding a home, a job, a girl. This could just as easily be a song for the returning veterans of a futile war in the South Atlantic, South East Asia, Central America, you name it. It is probably the finest song on the LP and is presented in a simple, flowing, jazzy style, giving full rein to Thommo's deep, mournful voice.

In recent interviews Elvis Costello has referred to his past LPs, often somewhat disdainfully. Here he gives us a quick resume of his early career with songs like *Uncomplicated* returning to the hard vocal style of *Miracle Man*, and *Tokyo Storm Warning* sounding like a cross between his *Armed Forces* LP and Dylan's *Blonde On Blonde*, *Blue Chair* and *Home Is Anywhere You Hang Your Head* are vintage Costello, replete with grammatical tricks and vivid imagery:

You tore him out and screwed him up

Like a bad page in a naughty picture book.

The outstanding cut is *I Want You*, the most disturbing song I've heard in ages. It begins as a trite little love song and develops into an incredibly impassioned, bitter, even sinister stream of reminiscence and accusation. Listen to this one alone on a dark night, with just a bottle of Scotch for company if you dare!

Another stirring track is *Battered Old Bird* with the depressing mood accentuated by dual Harmoniums. He's joined by The Pogues' lovable bass player, Cait O'Riordan, his fiancée, on *Crimes Of Paris* where she sings great harmony, and on *Poor Napoleon*, which is all she says on that track.

It seems redundant to say that this is an excellent album from the man. They have all been superb and this stands up as one of the darkest and most depressing of the lot.

If Costello and Thompson keep this up their next LPs could hasten the end of civilizations as we know it!

—Steve Edge

Various Artists

Love Kills

MCA

Alex Cox is a film-maker best known for *Repo Man*, which he wrote, produced and directed. Released along with the film was a soundtrack (heavy on punk rock classics), which proved to be immensely popular on college radio in North America. With Cox's follow-up to *Repo Man*, *Sid and Nancy* (a docu-bio-drama depicting the short lives and loves of Sex Pistols bassist Sid Vicious and his girlfriend Nancy Spungen), another soundtrack comes our way: *Love Kills*.

The album opens with one of two contributions from Joe Strummer. It's the title track and it's a shock. Strummer has dumped the anthemic rabble rousing of his recent Clash work and has come up with a sturdy electro-beat dance track which has a lot in common with former band-mate Mick Jones' new band, Big

cont. p. 26

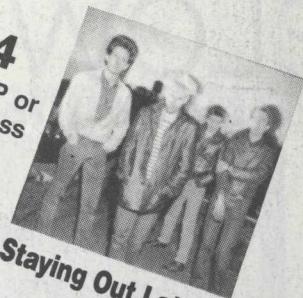
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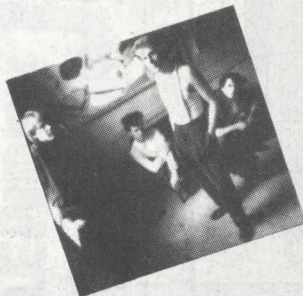
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Audio Dynamite. Strummer's second track, *Dum Dum Club*, is also dance-oriented but not as strong.

Love Kills is followed by another surprise: a song from Irish folk punks The Pogues, which features neither Shane MacGowan's vocals nor The Pogues usual 'folk' sound. *Haunted* comes off sounding a great deal like one of the 'new American guitar bands'. The second track by The Pogues is an instrumental called *Junk Theme*, more atypical of their sound.

Steve Jones' *Pleasure and Pain* (one of two songs on the album by a former Sex Pistol) is unfortunately just a piece of would be Top 40 looking for a place to crawl away and hide under in its embarrassment. Not much of a way to remember a friend. Next on the record is the first of four instrumentals by Pray For Rain. They can be ignored as little more than space-filling audio wallpaper.

Which brings us finally to a genuine 'punk' song, the Circle Jerks *Love Kills*. This *Love Kills* is a raunchy piece of Southern California hard-

core with singer Craig Hetson yowling about Sid and Nancy's rather unpleasant lives. At the other end of the musical spectrum is John Cale's *She Never Took No For An Answer*. With its heavy, all electronic production, and Cale's spoken word delivery, it could serve as a primer for his upcoming releases.

The only track that seems likely to have captured Sid's fancy is sung by Gary Oldman (who plays Sid in the film), covering Sid covering the Stooges' *I Wanna Be Your Dog*. With ex-Pistol Glen Matlock, the man Sid originally replaced, playing on this song, the boundaries between film and reality begin to blur.

Not having seen the film, one has to wonder if the impact of some of these songs is reduced without the visions to complement them. However, a record has to stand on its own if it's to have any lasting value, and this one only just manages. Unlike the *Repo Man* soundtrack, which is a great record even if you haven't seen the movie, much of this album is either filler or songs which will serve only as curiosities in the careers of the artists produc-

ing them.

—Pat Carroll

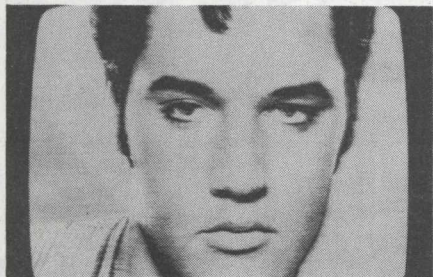
The Raunch Hands Learn to Whap-A-Dang With the Raunch Hands Relativity

Sloppy, rough, raw, frenetic, yeah, even raunchy. The Raunch Hands have the sparks and blaze of a three-alarm fire in a tenement house. They're rude, offensive and irreverent. They've got the sensibilities of rednecks gone awry and this album cooks like the Stones used to way back when Brian was still alive and Keith had some colour in his face.

This is the first LP from this New York quintet who manage to sound nothing like what you'd expect "New York" bands to sound like. Since the term "American Roots Music" has been used so often I'm not going to use it here. Instead, let's say, if you take any five

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guys from a place like Prince George, teach them to play a brand of Country & Western and Hillbilly music, leave their beer-drinking behaviour intact, then you'd have the Raunch Hands. I mean, look at the cover: there's some guy who looks like Richard Nixon threatening a female of his species with an axe. To call it sexist is to miss the point. It's just one more example of the outrageous, no-holds-barred approach these guys take to their chosen field. This is the musical equivalent of kicking ass and the perfect soundtrack for a bar-room brawl.

Guitars are prominent in the mix here and both guitarists, Mike Mariconda and Mike Tchang, keep this whole rambling show together with an incredible assortment of wild and bouncy rock and roll riffs. Though it's nothing you haven't heard before, it's the honesty and energy that counts. So what if there isn't one track that really stands out, there's enough fuel here to keep any part running well into the night.

This album won't sell a million, but so what. Keep an eye out for these guys in the future.

—Mark Quail

Minimal Man

Slave Lullabies

Play It Again Sam, Bias 24

Patrick Miller is Minimal Man. Patrick Miller is not a happy man. Patrick Miller likes to be lit from below during photo sessions. Patrick Miller is quite unremarkable in appearance.

He is obsessed with sex yet never really cuts deeply enough into perversion to make it worthwhile. His use of the tape medium is repetitive and redundant. There is nearly always an irritatingly simple, synthetic beat. He rips off other people's songs without giving due credit (*Nice* by Ambrosia is renamed *The Jungle Song* on *The Shroud of Minimal Man* and *The Bogus Man* by Roxy Music is renamed *Fun* on this release). He did a trendy thing by moving to Belgium to perform and record, no doubt in hope of finding the acceptance he never had in San Francisco. He uses standard synthesizer and studio effects in a cheesy and unimaginative fashion. He uses the age-old *tape-loop-of-Charles-Manson saying-scary-things* trick. It doesn't work. He has his album cover done by Patrick Roques, the man who does most of the graphics for Tuxedomoon. This is not surprising seeing as certain Tuxedomooners are friends of his and appear on his recordings. The two best cuts on the album are instrumentals that feature the talents of other players. These other players play clarinet, cello, and soprano sax. These instruments are all the rage among the *ever-so-hip-and-melancholy* Belgian alternative music crowd. With this, his fourth album, it appears that Patrick Miller will linger on in obscurity forever. I like it. I have bought every record he has put out. I was very disappointed when his concert with Tunnel Canary was cancelled some years back. There is something to this music. I don't know what. I don't care. Don't be so cynical.

—Mark Mushet

Thipside
86/87

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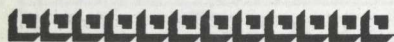
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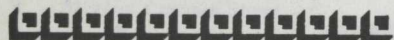
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WELL, TIME PASSES SLOWLY HERE at CITR's music department—especially in the misty otherworld of demo tapes. So, although your calendar may say it's November, we're still catching up on the demos that piled up here over the summer—hence the seemingly meaningless delays in getting new stuff on the air. But if you're in a band, or just a local music fan, take heart! The process is slow, but we're doing our best to see that all the demos that come in get a chance at the underground music Big Time.

Three bands from Calgary—**Abstract Random**, **The Ted Clark Five** and **Eden's End**—have each got a new song on our charts. **Abstract Random** and **Eden's End**, although not really similar, are both just reminiscent enough of 60's guitar pop for me to be unable to resist them, but their songs (*Ancients* and *This Church is Cool*) seem to lack that little flavour or inspiration or spontaneity that would make them really noticeable. On the other hand, *No. 10 Nirvana*, from **The Ted Clark Five**, overcomes a sort of basic grunginess and poor recording quality to be just slightly demented, unexpected, and youthful sounding, honest garage rock. Of course, knowing that it's about the angst-filled bus ride downtown from the singer's suburb (on the No. 10, naturally) gives the song an especially fun quality. This one went to Number One at Calgary's campus station (and stayed there for awhile) which implies they've got quite a local following. Who knows? Maybe we'll have a chance to see them here sometime.

Also from out-of-town is a band called **Ripcordz**, and you can almost guess they're from Deja Voodoo's home town, Montreal. This is sludge-a/psycho-billy at its blurriest, slowing down to be almost sexy, speeding up in places to sound like off-station thrash. They also remind me a bit of the Cramps, which doesn't mean (I don't think, anyway) that these guys are just imitating a sound. This is rockabilly chord progressions reduced to a scary, fun, wash of noise. I like it.

From West Van comes *My Earth Revolves* by **Indigo Voice**. A little too syntho-slick for my taste, but this song has a nice melody and good harmonies, and is saved from sounding like so many other demos by the superior vocal talents of Scott Fletcher.

Playdoth Republic has been having trou-

ble for some time now finding and keeping a rhythm section, but **Jesus Stopped Loving Me Today** transcends the mundane worries of holding a band together to be quite a lot of fun. Mina and Harley's voices complement each other well while keeping the song simple, funny, easily accessible pop. Watch for a video.

New from **The Hip Type** is a two-song demo: *Glass Pussy* and *Let Me In*. The band has changed somewhat since their earlier smash demo hits *Illumination* and *Blue Bottle Flies*. Opening for Slum and Green River at the Town Pump's end-of-Expo party, the band made their first appearance since the addition of Erica Leiren (formerly of the Debutants and Dilettantes) on bass, and they were faster and more hard-edged than I remember them. Now, vocalist Tracy's voice varies from the cool blanket kind of sound we're used to, to something sounding uncannily like Debbie Harry circa *Parallel Lines*, and this, combined with Erica's backing vocals (and stage presence), makes **The Hip Type** poppier and more danceable than before. Unfortunately, however, the new tape only hints at this added dimension. *Let Me In* has a fun, catchy melody and the witty lyrics are clear enough, but to really hear what the song sounds like I recommend you catch them live. And this is especially true of *Glass Pussy*—while it is only so-so on tape (compared to, say, *Illumination*), this is striking pop rock when the band is right in front of you.

Oh, and a word for the commercially-available **Roots Roundup** self-titled cassette (better late than never, after all)—I don't know how to describe this except to say it's clean, simple, folksy blues, with nifty rhythms and catchy guitar, harmonica, and trombone licks. This is sun streaming in the window music—almost guaranteed to give you "that summer feeling" even during monsoon season.

P.S.: If your band is planning to send us a demo tape, please be sure to enclose contact phone numbers (or, if you're out of town, a mailing address) as well as song titles, and, if at all possible, some biographical information. Sorry, but we can't return demo tapes, so please don't give us your unEQ'd master tapes or anything else you'd hate to get lost! And, please be patient. We're doing our best.

—Janis McKenzie

from p. 30

by Jeffery Lee Pierce and Lydia Lunch, raises a number of important social issues each week. *Sidekicks* co-stars Shelly Hack as a good-hearted but psychotic Satan-worshipping 7-11 clerk who provides food and shelter for the pair. The series features cameos from William F. Burroughs, Charles Bukowski and Jim Carroll, and a soundtrack made up of songs by the Velvet Underground, Joy Division, Bauhaus, Connie Francis, and Boxcar Willie. On ABC.

The Wizard

David Rappaport, a dwarf, portrays a former NBA star turned astronaut who is miniaturized in a nuclear space accident and returns to Earth as a born-again Communist-fighting magician who performs at children's birthday parties. The first episode saw the wizard performing at the party of the children of a mysterious Colombian expatriate believed to have ties to the Queen of England and the International drug-smuggling Banking Zionist Communist Conspiracy. The wizard, with the help of his TV evangelist partner (Lee Majors) is able to induce the children to turn their father in to the authorities who banish him to the eternal damnation of the fires of hell. Written and created by Lynden Larouche, this series has an ultra-conservative tone. However, it is worth seeing for the car chases choreographed by former drag racing champion Shirley "Cha Cha" Muldowney. On CBS.

Head of the Class

Everyone's favorite TV DJ Johnny Fever (Howard Hesseman of *WKRP* fame) plays a drug addiction counsellor at the Betty Ford Clinic. Laughter abounds in this imaginative sitcom as desperate and degenerate rich people try to scam their way out of the clinic. Morgan Fairchild co-stars as a crack-addicted soap star who will do anything to get out of the class, hence the title. On ABC.

Crime Story

Miami Vice producer Michael Mann is the creator of this stylish series about a group of activists, the Abalone Alliance, who fights crimes against nature and the environment. The first episode found the Abalone Alliance tackling paraquat sprayers in Northern California. The series features music by 60's folk singers and stars David Cassidy, Jerry Mathers and Mike Lookinland. *Crime Story* can be seen on NBC.

Love Me, Love Me Not

This locally produced game show puts *Jeopardy* to shame. Hosted by somebody who knows Bruce Allen, it pits convicted felons against their victims in a match of wits. The felons play for a reduction in their sentences while the victims play for cash and a safe journey home. On CKVU.

Now after watching all these wonderful programs you can't tell me that it's just another Fall season of inane sitcoms, boring dramas about rich people, and unimaginative cop shows. You just can't!

—Jerome Broadway

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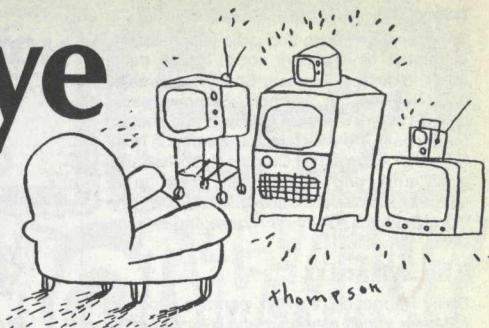
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Boffo B.O. on The Boob Tube
says Broadway!



THE PROGRAMMING ON NETWORK television is like the weather, everybody complains but nobody does anything about it. However, if this fall's TV season is any indication, the networks have been listening to all the critics. After having spent more than a month suckling from the great glass teat, I have come to the conclusion that this current Fall season is the best ever. Television is finally back on the right track with realistic and entertaining programming. Here is my list, in order of preference, of the best of the new Fall programs.

ALF

ALF stands for *Alien Latino Family*. This fascinating drama about the pursuit of the American dream, features an ensemble cast who play a Mexican family that leaves their home in Chihuahua and cross the border into America illegally. Although at times *ALF* is unrealistic (by the third episode six of the family members owned liquor stores), the series still has a lot of gritty realism, as four of the six liquor store owners are later killed in holdups. This is the most interesting of the new Fall series, particularly because the family is portrayed by Jim Henson's *Muppets*. *ALF* can be seen on NBC.

My Sister Sam

Pam Dawber of *Mork & Mindy* fame plays an ambitious realtor whose yuppie lifestyle is

threatened by the arrival of her sister (Kristy McNichol) from a PLO training camp. Laughter abounds as Dawber tries to sell homes the no-down-payment way while her sister tags along in combat fatigues extolling the works of Lenin and the Ayatollah Khomeini. Clu Gallagher co-stars as their serial-killer next-door neighbour. This is the funniest series on TV. Not to be missed, it's on CBS.

Matlock

Mayberry RFD's Andy Griffith returns to the tube in his most challenging role. In *Matlock*, he plays the father of a former Sex Pistols' bassist, who is so moved by the London Punk scene that he quits his job as Principal Secretary to Prince Phillip and becomes an advocate for the British Mine Workers. The series features a soundtrack by Test Department and co-stars Benny Hill as Mine Union leader Arther Scargill, Scott Baio as Labor MP Tony Benn, and Rula Lenska as Maggie Thatcher. *Matlock* is on NBC.

He Shoots, He Scores

Finally there is an entertaining series from CBC. This hard-hitting drama is about Canada's national passtime, political patronage. It stars former Quebec pop idol Rene Simard as Claude Marchand, a young Francophone Conservative who defeats his riding's stodgy old Liberal MP and moves to Ottawa. From there, Marchand showers his tiny farming

community riding with political patronage, including a 25-storey postage sorting centre, an Air Canada maintenance hangar, a Korean snowmobile factory, and a school for census takers. The show's title comes from an old Quebecois adage about running for Parliament.

Easy Street

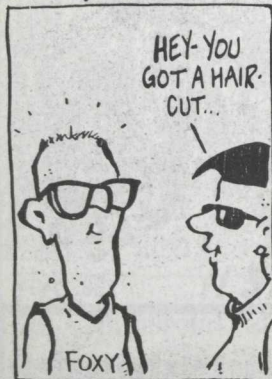
Buxom Loni Anderson (of *WKRP*) stars in this sitcom about a vampiress who stalks the fashionable clubs of Beverly Hills at night preying on preppy young men. Laughter abounds when Anderson, desperate for blood, accidentally attacks two derelicts (Jack Elam and Lee Weaver). Realizing what she's done, Anderson pulls out, but not in time to prevent the derelicts from becoming vampires as well. The three then proceed to stalk the L.A. area together, and each episode features a celebrity victim. Gavin Macleod makes cameo appearances as a righteous vampire-hunting priest. On NBC.

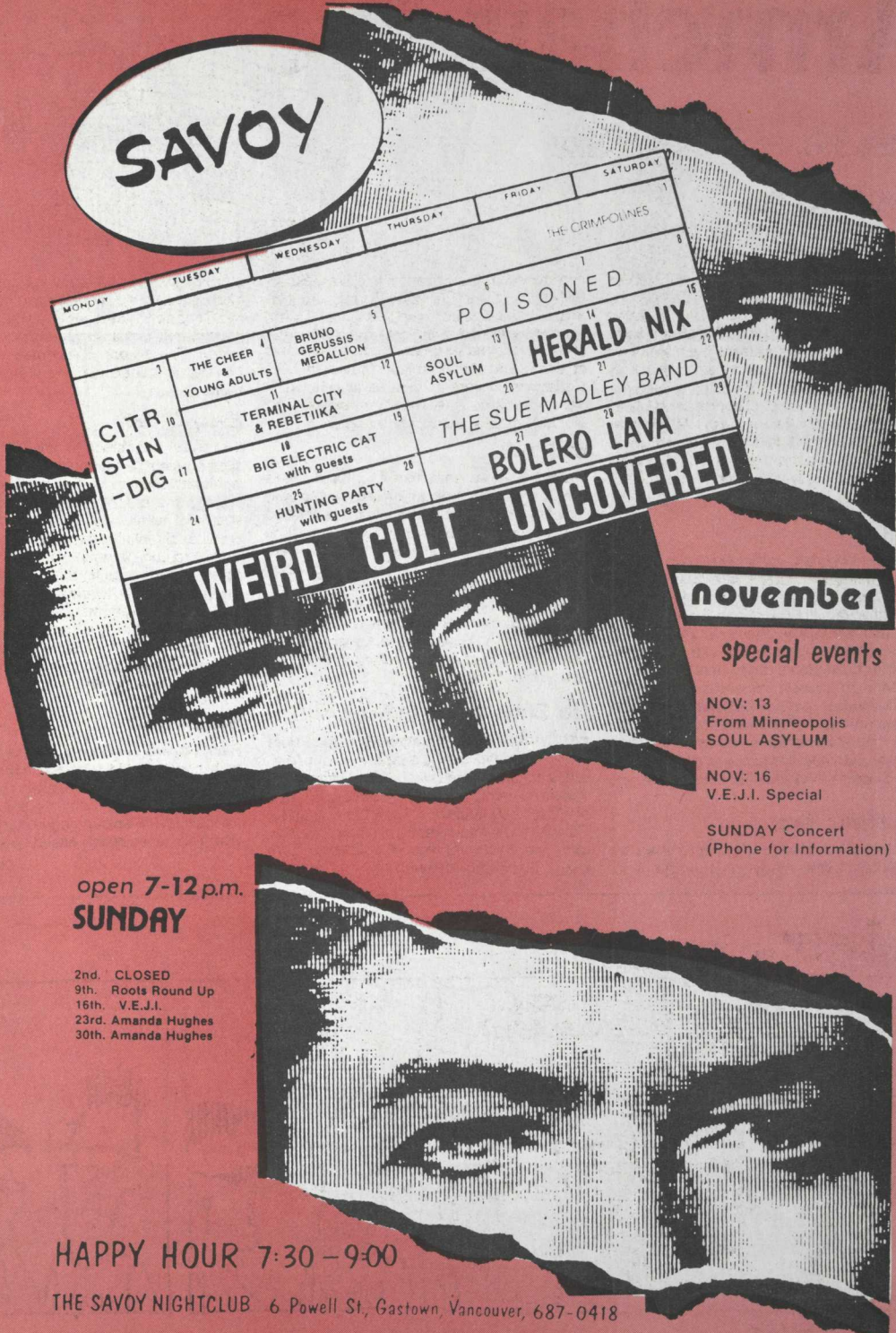
Sidekicks

Buck Roger's Gil Gerard returns to the tube as a homeless derelict who befriends a 10-year-old heroin-addict runaway (Ernie Reyes Jr.). Together they roam the streets of New York aimlessly scrounging and trying to survive. This series, loosely based on short stories

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WOMBAT BY FILBRANT





SAVOY

MONDAY		TUESDAY		WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY		FRIDAY		SATURDAY	
										1 THE CRIMPOLINES	
								5 POISONED		8	
3 CITR SHIN -DIG		4 THE CHEER & YOUNG ADULTS		5 BRUNO GERUSSIS MEDALLION		12 SOUL ASYLUM		13 HERALD NIX		15	
10		11 TERMINAL CITY & REBETIKA		12		20 THE SUE MADLEY BAND		21		22	
17		18 BIG ELECTRIC CAT with guests		15		21 BOLERO LAVA		28		29	
24		25 HUNTING PARTY with guests		26		UNCOVERED					
WEIRD CULT											

november

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SOUL ASYLUM

NOV: 16
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(Phone for Information)

open 7-12 p.m.
SUNDAY

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9th. Roots Round Up
16th. V.E.J.I.
23rd. Amanda Hughes
30th. Amanda Hughes

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